Nowhere Else I'd Rather Be

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/43797313.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Chiyoh (Hannibal)
Additional Tags:	Married Couple, Married Sex, Voyeurism, Voyeur Will Graham, Exhibitionism, Anal Sex, Rough Sex, Praise Kink, Desk Sex, Canes, Walking Canes, Shower Voyeurism, On the Run, Post-Canon, Post-Season/Series 03, Hotel Sex, Top Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham, Podfic Welcome
Language:	English
Series:	Part 19 of Kinktober 2022, Part 2 of Married Hannigram On The Run!
Collections:	Kinktober 2022 Collection
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-19 Words: 4,297 Chapters: 1/1

Nowhere Else I’d Rather Be

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Summary

Hannibal and Will are forced to move due to an FBI sighting, and Hannibal is unprepared as far as housing goes.

They stay in a fancy hotel, and Hannibal decides to take a shower. Will wants to watch. Hannibal decides to teach Will a lesson that anyone could look up and see.

Kinktober Day 19: Exhibitionism & Voyeurism

Moving nearly every month was something that Will was used to in childhood, not in adulthood. He had lived in his home in Wolf Trap for many years, leaving only to seek after Hannibal in Europe. Then, he moved again when he got married to Molly. Their house was nice, but nothing like the houses that Hannibal provides for them all around the world.

But with this move, Hannibal didn't have a house ready for them. It was a sudden and urgent fleeing, Chiyoh, the saint that she is, was able to warn dear Hannibal that she had spotted some American FBI agents in the city this morning.

Hannibal called Will, asking that he grab their go bags, and leave their home as quickly as he could. They'd meet at the docks and make their way to a safer resting place by sundown.

When they arrived, Hannibal had to hesitantly explain that he was unprepared for this, and they had no private place to stay. He bowed his head in apology as Chiyoh and Will reassured that they would all three figure something out.

It was late by the time they found a hotel that would house them for multiple nights, and luckily, it was up to Hannibal's standards. Will is always pleased when this happens, because then, it means he won't have to hear his husband complain their whole stay.

Chiyoh and Will carried most of the bags, leaving Hannibal with a lighter load as they made their way up to the luxury suits of this massive, foreign hotel. They've booked two rooms, one for Chiyoh, and one for the happy married couple.

The rooms are just a few doors down from one another, and they are all comforted by that. Will has started to think of Chiyoh as a close friend over the three years they've been running, and it comforts both himself and Hannibal to know she will be nearby.

Chiyoh has gotten all the more protective over Hannibal since he started using a mobility aid to get around. It's a visible, beautiful reminder that even the strongest men are still mortals.

Will loves it, even if it was something to get used to at first. Hannibal once carried him miles in his arms to safety from Verger's farm, and now, he's unable to even walk without his sturdy cane.

Hannibal holds both of the keys to their individual rooms, so he unlocks the one that has been placed under his and Will's fake names, and allows Will to offload some of the luggage he's holding into their room.

Chiyoh waits outside, not interested in the room, even as the door hangs open. Will glances at her once before turning to Hannibal.

"I'll be back."

Then, he plucks Chiyoh's room key from Hannibal's free hand with his own. Will is carrying only the few of Chiyoh's things that he brought up when he leaves their room.

Hannibal shakes his head gently with a small smile on his face. He moves over slowly to shut the door after Will, taking it one step at a time.

It's always just one step at a time lately.

Hannibal takes the time to unpack a few of their things, hanging shirts in the closet, and neatly folding pants into drawers.

He expected Will to be back by now, it's been at least ten minutes, and Chiyoh is only down the hall. Perhaps his darling is helping the lady settle in? If that's the case, he'll have some time to start on his normal nightly routine.

It's already so late, and he does hope that Will will return before it turns midnight. But that's out of his control. If Will wants to stay out late, he's in no position to tell him no at this point.

Hannibal finds the bathroom easily, since he'd unpacked their toothbrushes and other toiletries just a little while ago. He strips his nice shirt, folding it up on the counter to be dealt with later when he's done with his shower.

He turns the faucet on to the shower, and watches as the rainfall of the broad head starts. He tests the temperature, and cringes when he feels that it's freezing cold.

Hannibal can't do cold water. Not since his freezing, hypothermic childhood, and not since he took an unfortunate dive into the freezing Atlantic with the love of his life.

While he waits, he brushes his teeth, collects a towel, turns on the bathroom fan, and finishes stripping his clothes. When he returns to check the temperature again, it's plenty warm enough to stay comfortable.

He leans his cane against the wall just beside his hanging towel and steps in slowly and carefully. He sighs when the warm water soaks his hair and cascades down his shoulders, chest, back, and legs. He runs his hands through his wet hair, pushing the longer locks out of his face.

He lifts his arms one at a time to allow the undersides of them, and his flanks to be hit with warm water. This shower head isn't too unlike the one he had back in his home in Baltimore, and it's nice to be reminded of it.

He's so distracted by the bliss of familiarity of a nice shower, he doesn't hear the electronic sound of the door unlocking. Will enters quietly, holding the door as it closes so it doesn't slam.

It's late, and he is unsure if Hannibal is in bed yet or not. He hadn't planned to stay and get social over drinks in Chiyoh's room, but he did just that.

He creeps slowly and quietly into the bedroom and notices a single bedside lamp is on. But no Hannibal. Will recognizes the pajamas laid out on the bed as his husbands, which usually means that he's started his 'nightly routine'.

Now that Will listens closely, he can hear the soft sounds of water falling and pipes flowing. Ah, so Hannibal's on the shower part of his lengthy routine. Maybe Hannibal would allow Will to join, if the shower is large enough?

Will moves towards the bathroom, led by the sounds of water, and the slight crack in the bathroom door that is now in view, which is pouring out light into the overwise dim room.

He is nearly silent as he creaks the door open further, enough that he can now see Hannibal's wet and naked form through the clear glass shower door.

If Hannibal hadn't turned on the fan, Will would not only have been caught opening the door by the sound it made, but also been deprived of this sight that he's been gifted from unfogged glass.

Will leans against the door frame as he watches Hannibal wash his legs. He's turned fully away from Will, towards the shower head, bent over as he carefully massages soap into his calf, one leg perched up on the provided shower seat.

It's giving Will such a pretty view of Hannibal's back, and more importantly, his ass. He watches as Hannibal lathers one leg, then switches to his other leg. With his foot propped up like that, Hannibal's cheeks are parted for a clear view of his hole, and Will is eternally grateful for it.

Hannibal sets his foot down and stands tall under the shower spray, water hitting his face as he allows it to wash the soap off of his chest, genitals, and legs.

Will's mouth practically waters as he watches the water make its way from Hannibal's hair to stream down his back. The water follows the burned brand on Hannibal's back mesmerizingly before it falls over his plump ass and into his crack. Will really wants to burst into the room and sink his teeth into those perfect globes.

And Hannibal would let him.

Will nearly groans at the thought. Would Hannibal thank him, call him good for hurting him so perfectly? His erection that had been growing ever since laying his eyes on his husband's perfect form becomes ever more needy at the thought of Hannibal's praises.

Shit, he really does have a praise kink.

Well, there's worse things that turn him on. Like, watching his husband bathe himself when he's unaware. Will's belt is much louder than he wished it would be when he shucks open the buckle. He knows that he'll be caught now that he's moving. His scent is probably intermingled with the humid, hot air of the bathroom.

Will takes himself in hand shamelessly, watching as Hannibal slowly turns away from the shower head, facing him now to wash the soap off of his back and out of his crack.

"Welcome back, mylimasis." Hannibal speaks, and the smug tone in his voice gives away what Will suspected.

Hannibal wasn't unaware at all. He probably smelt Will the second that he opened the bathroom door, his scent clinging to the water molecules in the air. He was just waiting until Will finally couldn't help himself any longer.

"You're not mad, are you?" Will asks as he steps fully into the bathroom, the light revealing to Hannibal that his dear husband was just getting ready to jerk it to him bathing.

"Mad at your voyeurism, or mad that you've returned from Chiyoh's so late?" Hannibal asks, reaching behind himself to help aid the water wash the soap out of his crack.

"Both. Either." Will shucks off his shirt carelessly, abandoning his leaking dick. God, he never thought that confrontation could be so hot.

"I'm not mad." Hannibal confirms, running his hands through his hair once more before he turns, shutting the water off from the shower. "Will you pass me my towel, mylimasis?"

Will shakily hands his husband his towel and watches as he dries himself off rather poorly. Perhaps, Will thinks, he intends to end up in the shower again tonight. Hannibal wraps the towel around his waist, but his hair is still wet, and Will can see some wetness on his chest where he missed with his quick brush over.

Hannibal braces himself on the shower wall as he steps out, switching rather to his cane once it's in reach. "Is Chiyoh settled in?" He asks casually when he brushes past Will's still body towards the door.

"Yes. We had a couple of drinks after she unpacked." Will turned to watch his husband make way over towards the bedroom, tucking his still interested dick back in his pants. Something feels off here. Will just can't pinpoint it quite yet.

"Chiyoh doesn't drink." Hannibal states when he sits in the office chair, he leans his cane against the desk that is sat conveniently in front of the single massive window. What a strange spot to settle down, especially just in the white hotel towel.

"With me she does." Will chuckles, moving over to collect a bottle of red wine and two glasses from the clear cabinet.

He sets one of the glasses on the desk in front of Hannibal, and pours a healthy dose of wine. The other he pours right in his hand. He sets the bottle back in the cabinet and finds his way over to loom over the back of Hannibal's chair.

He takes a sip of his wine and allows his free hand to rest on Hannibal's still damp shoulder. He clears his throat before speaking, "I'm sorry for not asking.. uh.. both for not asking to watch, and asking to stay and have drinks."

"I'm not upset with you, William." Hannibal glances up over his shoulder, and Will can see the faint pool of arousal hidden in the way his eyes are engulfed in liquid dark in the dim orange light of the hotel room.

Will leans down to kiss him gently, his own mouth tasting of wine, but Hannibal's tasting of toothpaste. "Ah shit, I didn't realize you brushed your teeth already."

Hannibal just chuckles softly and reaches up for Will's face, pulling him into another kiss. Hannibal's hand quickly migrates to find purchase at the base of his head, finger tangling into the curly hair there.

"You taste divine." Hannibal comments when Will pulls back yet again. He chuckles softly and teases, "You have a whole glass of it right there, Han."

"But that isn't you." Hannibal reasons, and Will nearly folds at the look in his eyes. The devotion, the love, and the lust all fighting to be seen within his dilated pupils.

Will walks around the chair to straddle Hannibal's lap, gentle when he settles as to not put too much pressure on the tender, injured flesh.

He isn't sure who pushes forward first, but they meet in the middle for a breathtaking kiss, one that is equal parts delicate and tender as it is hot and heavy. It's exactly what Will craves.

His hands find their resting place on Hannibal's chest, and finds it to be almost completely dry now, save for the bush of chest hair that decorates his pecs. Hannibal's hands of course find their favorite spot very quickly, squeezing at his two plump cheeks caged in the tight jeans he had decided to keep on.

It only takes a few more moments of this pace for the both of them to grow needy, erections pressing against each other as Will plasters his body against Hannibal's.

They don't break the kiss until they're both panting, and Hannibal decides this the perfect time to strip his husband down to nude. His hands make quick work of his belt, but Will grabs at Hannibal's skilled hands when they unbutton his trousers.

"Wait- don't you think we should close the curtains?" Will asks and glances behind himself towards the massive window he's referring to.

Hannibal silences any other justifications that Will could give with his lips, harsh against his with the lust of a desperate man. Though Will knows, Hannibal is far from desperate. He is very much in control of his body and mind thus far.

"If you think you can watch others who are supposedly unaware, then perhaps you won't mind being watched by the entire city." Hannibal meets Will's eyes when he speaks, and Will doesn't miss the sadistic smirk gracing his husband's lips.

"Shit- Hannibal, I said I was sorry." Will rolls his eyes and considers only for a moment crawling off the warm lap under him.

"I don't believe you." Hannibal admitted, leaving his hands resting on Will's thighs, waiting for his consent to continue with the curtains open.

Will is silent for a moment, contemplating. He glances behind himself to the lively city behind them. It's quite a gorgeous view really, you can see everything from so high up.

Rationally, there's very little chance they'll be seen, even if they're pressed up against the window, because of how high off the streets they are. But it's still exhilarating thinking they could be seen like this.

"If we get caught, it's your fucking fault." Will whispers when he leans down to mouth at Hannibal's throat.

Hannibal smiles at the implication, but still feels the need for clear verbal consent. He wouldn't be able to live with himself if he hurt the love of his life with something so intimate as sex.

He allows Will to continue on his path, waiting ever patiently for a clear permission to continue on his own journey of Will's body. When Will notices Hannibal's hands are still resting on his thighs, he chuckles.

He pulls back to look into Hannibal's eyes, and the broad smile that meets him makes Hannibal's heart flutter. "Having second thoughts?" Will teases, though Hannibal knows that Will knows what he wants from him.

"I want you to fuck me, Han. Right in front of this obnoxiously massive window where anyone could look in and see." Will breathes out when he rakes his nails down Hannibal's chest, making sure to stop short when he reaches his rib cage. It wouldn't be any good to poke at the bullet wound that is still causing his love so many daily problems.

It doesn't cause problems with his sexual stamina, thank god. Mainly just balance, which Will helps him with when they fuck. Usually, it's just holding onto him tight, but tonight, it'll probably be the support of this sturdy desk placed between them and the window.

Hannibal catches Will's lips in his own, and he gets right back to work, undoing Will's fly with a single steady hand. Will climbs out of his lap when he feels the pressure of the fly on his erection ease. He shucks his pants down, followed quickly by his boxers. He kicks them off of his ankles and pushes them across the floor far enough that they're out of the way.

He watches as Hannibal rises, his towel falling from his hips thanks to gravity. He pulls Will against him and takes his lips again, first gently, then harshly. He knows how it gives Will a head rush when he kisses him like this.

He takes a wobbly step forward between Will's legs, pushing him back against the desk. Their naked bodies are pushed wonderfully together like this, Hannibal's hip brushing against Will's erection. It takes everything within both of them to not rut against one another while they devour each other's mouths.

It's perfect heaven.

Will gasps, breaking the kiss when Hannibal bites his lower lip. He holds it between his teeth for a moment, and Will savors the sweet pain of it. Will takes the liberty to turn his body around once Hannibal releases his lip from his hold.

Now it's Hannibal's turn to groan, his erection slotting so perfectly between Will's cheeks when he bends over. He's mentally cursing himself for not grabbing lube before this point. Now he'll have to go get it from inside the nightstand all the way on the other side of the room.

"Let me go grab the lube, mylimasis." Hannibal excuses himself as he reaches for his cane, but Will is quicker, grabbing onto the handle in protest. "Stay." His other hand reaches back to grab hold of Hannibal's wrist.

He brings that wrist up near his mouth, and Hannibal watches in awe when his darling husband takes three of his large fingers into his mouth. He drools over them enthusiastically, making sure to get them wet enough that Hannibal might not protest.

He doesn't. He happily reads into Will's desire and pulls his hand away to wet the perfect pink rim he finds when he spreads Will's cheeks. Will relaxes, spreading his torso against the cold wooden top of the sturdy work desk.

Hannibal is gentle when he inserts the first spit slicked finger. He wastes little time, inserting a second finger as soon as Will's body takes the first. He knows that Will wouldn't be opposed to taking the third right away, but Hannibal is patient and waits until his body willingly takes the third digit. Will can't help the groan that slips when Hannibal curls his finger down, right onto his prostate. Hannibal glances down at his dry dick, cringing at the thought of entering his darling without lubrication.

He brings his hand up to his mouth and spits, disgusted by himself, but knowing this is entirely necessary for his comfort, and the comfort of his perfect lover. He spreads his saliva all over his cock, though it's not a perfect lubricant, it's better than nothing at all.

He pulls his fingers out of Will's prepped hole, and he smirks at the way it flutters at the loss. He doesn't make him mourn the loss though, because he quickly replaces his fingers with the girthy head of his cock.

Will gasps at the intrusion, and turns his head so he can stare back at Hannibal's face when he enters him. He's slow and gentle when he first pushes in, and rolls his hips when he's in fully.

"Shit, Hannibal. I can see the whole city." Will groans out when he corrects his gaze forwards. He'll fog up the part of the window by his face soon with how hot his lust filled pants and groans are. He enjoys the view for now.

Hannibal rolls his hips a few more times before he pulls out. He plunges back in with some force a second later, he leans down to press his chest to Will's back and he gruffs out. "It's beautiful."

Will groans at the reminder to the words he had said to his husband over three years ago. It was when Hannibal knew they could never be separated again. It would kill the both of them.

"You're beautiful." Hannibal praises, moving one of his hands down to stroke Will's flank. He moves the other to steady himself in the new position. He grabs onto the table right next

to where Will is holding on. He'll be able to keep his balance like this and pound Will's sweet ass like he was never injured.

He pulls back out and shoves in multiple times to test Will's receptiveness. And when Will lets out a long groan on one of the thrusts, he knows they're ready.

He places a few kisses between Will's shoulder blades before pulling back, lifting his chest from Will's back. This allows better leverage and motion with the hold that he has on the front of the desk. He can feel the cold glass against his knuckles, and the thrill of it all is intoxicating.

He thrusts into Will's supple body and watches as his beloved tenses, then relaxes when another wave of pleasure hits him. He wants Will to feel nothing but mind numbing pleasure, and he knows that the pace and power of his hips will sure get him there.

But there's another weapon he can use.

"So tight," Hannibal groans, finding the words for what he's feeling. It's never hard to find the right praise for his lover, because he's perfect. "It's like you were built for me, mylimasis."

Will loves to see Hannibal's possessive side peak through during sex, and he also loves how fucking perfectly his husbands hips are moving.

"Fuck, Han-" Will gasps at a particularly harsh thrust that causes his body to slide up the desk just slightly. He's having to use a lot of muscle to hold himself in place for Hannibal, but he knows that it'll be useless in the end, because he'll go completely lax once he's orgasms.

"You take it so nicely." Hannibal praises, looking down between their bodies so he can see how his dick hammers in and out of Will's pretty little hole. Their skin is starting to make slapping noises where they connect. Let's hope their neighbors are all heavy sleepers.

Neither of them realize that Hannibal's wine glass was shaken off of the table until they hear the soft clink of the glass against the carpeted floor.

"Shit, that's gonna be a bi-" Will takes a hungry breath to continue, "-bitch to clean up."

"We've had worse messes." Hannibal assures, glancing over to see the red wine absorb into the hotel carpet. It won't be nearly as much of a pain as liters of blood.

Hannibal pets down Will's flank a few more times before redirecting his attention. He finds the bead of pre-come hanging on reluctantly to Will's tip, even as his dick swings from Hannibal's thrusts.

Hannibal takes the organ into a tight fist and jerks slowly, aided by the pre-come that Will's body helpfully produces for him. Will gasps when he realizes that he's being stimulated on both sides. His grip on the table tightens, and his mouth hangs open as he groans.

The view from outside the window must be quite lewd. Hannibal is pounding into Will like a desperate animal, and Will is damn near drooling because of it. His eyes clamp shut when

another wave of sensation passes him.

“Han-” Will gasps yet again, moans cutting off any other words he dared to speak.

“Just a little longer, lamb.” Hannibal encourages, keeping his hips moving at a consistent pace. He’s careful to not push Will over the precipice with front stimulation quite yet.

He waits until he can feel his own orgasm right on the brink before he jerks Will at the same pace as his hips are pounding him. Hannibal watches in the reflection of the glass as Will’s orgasm hits him. Tears are rolling down his face, and he’s gone silent, a moan perched in his throat as he spills his seed all over the floor.

That moan slips out when Hannibal praises him, tells him how much he loves him.

It doesn’t take much more, and Hannibal is spilling inside his husband’s exhausted body. His own orgasm is blinding, and he has to grip onto Will’s hips to keep his ground as he lazily trusts. He stops when he’s fully satisfied, leaning down to kiss his thanks into his husband's hair.

He pulls out when Will’s walls stop spasming around him. He takes a breath, then finds his way to sit in that same office chair that he sat in earlier. Will takes his time to recover, chest heaving against the wooden desktop, cum dripping out of his abused, exposed hole.

When he finds the strength, he gently curls up into Hannibal’s lap on the chair. He’s surely putting too much pressure on his thighs this way, but until Hannibal is showing signs of discomfort, he’ll stay just as he is.

Hannibal pets through Will’s hair tenderly and whispers gentle praises in his ear. Will nuzzles into Hannibal’s chest as he absorbs his words.

This is the only place he wants to be. Even if it means he’ll be cleaning cum and red wine out of the carpet in the morning.

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